SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY COURIER.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1823.

(Continued from the last page paper.)

offer a pledge that the Porte should be induced to consent to the establishment of a modified Greek independence, and as a preliminary basis for negociation, the armistice which has been spoken of, was planned entirely under British influence.

These unexpected obstacles, we are now told, subsequently induced Russia to support the pretensions of France, and so complete an understanding was established between them, that the hasty armament of the Russian squadron in the Black Sea was the result. One of the secret points agreed upon, was, that the Russian fleet should make its sudden appearance in the Mediterranean, refit in Toulon, the circumstance to which we alluded on Thursday last, and proceed to an attack of the Island of Minorca, that Russia was to retain, while in the mean time France moved against Spain by land.

These facts are furnished to us by correspodence on which we can rely, and it was natural enough to imagine that a developement of this kind, aided by a variety of other collateral circumstances, must have created a great commotion in our Cabinet. We do not, in fact, hesitate to say, that last week, for a short time, the utmost discordance prevailed among some Members of the King's Council, which was only removed by the pressure of the danger and the elucidations obtained. The result, however, has been such as to give the country confidence. England will be prepared for the worst emergency: seven sail of the line are at this moment getting ready with the utmost despatch, and we expect to see, ere long, a considerable fleet of observation sent to the Mediterranean. In the mean time, negociations of the most vigorous kind will be resumed with France, in order to avert a rupture, and in all probability she will yet be wise enough to see the precipice under her feet; and at all events, if she does rush into a war, she will do it at her own risk, and in defiance of the protests and remonstrances of Great Britain.

DECEMBER, 8.

[*From the Moniteur of Sunday.*]

"His Excellency Viscount Montmorency arrived here yesterday (Saturday), on his return from the Congress of Verona, and had the honor of an interview with the King. After the contradictory rumours as have been current on the state of our relations with Spain—after the discussions which have taken place on this inexhaustible subject during the conferences of Verona—after the indecision which so many opposite opinions must have every where produced—we should find, perhaps, a sufficient solid basis for new conjectures in the assurance that France has occupied at the Congress of Verona the place which belongs to her among the monarchies of Europe; and that the Continental Powers leave to her the end and termination of the affairs of Spain, with the intention of concurring with their force in such plans of execution as France shall be in a situation to adopt. In taking this resolution, the high Continental Powers must have acted on an idea so simple and so just, that it will strike all reasonable persons; they must have confided for the decision of a question which interested them all, on that Power whose interest in this question was the most immediate.

Letter from Madrid November 23.

"A commercial courier extraordinary left Paris on the 12th, and arrived at Madrid on the evening of the 17th. He carried the news of the fall of the Spanish funds on the Stock Exchange of Paris on the 11th. This news was an electric spark for the inhabitants of this capital, who thought they saw in it the signal of war. The exasperation of the public mind was at the height. Far from being intimidated, the inhabitants of Madrid seemed to regard it as a new motive for energy. The sittings yesterday at the Cundburienne Society furnished proofs of this, worthy the attention of the reader. General Riego, Deputies Galliano, Adam, and several other orators, among whom M. Romero Alpuente was distinguished, pronounced eloquent discourses worthy of the serious matter discussed. All agreed as to one point, viz. that Spain ought never to provoke war; but that it ought to be wished for as a benefit, if open hostilities put an and to secret and perfidious intsigues, infinitely more formidable for a generous nation, confident of its dignity and its power, and ready to make great sacrifices to sustain national honour and independence. Lond and unanimous applause, repeated in all parts of the town, has made known that the Spaniards of the present day are worthy of imitating their ancestors, who opposed a long and magnanimous resistance to the Moors, and those who contended with so much constancy and heroism in the late war. Prudent men have endeavoured to-day to still this enthusiasm — Addresses are pouring into Madrid from all parts to congratulate the Government on the advantages obtained over Merino Zaldivar, Erroles, and other factious chiefs."

It is a question of great anxiety what course England will pursue in the event of war between France and Spain. Nothing whatever is said in the French Journals of her interfeernce. The Courier observes—"We may safely take upon ourselves to assert, that, next to the wish that Europe should remain at peace, is the determination of our Government to be strictly neutral in the war that appears to be impending."

On the probability of that war, the same paper says—"we have given the deepest attention to the mass of intelligence which we have received, both public and private, and we are irresistibly led to this conclusion, that war must take place between France and Spain, unless one of two things happen, which we have not, at present, the least right to expect.—1st. that the Cortes will abandon their Constitution, and consent to model one upon the views and principles of the Continental Powers; or, 2dly. that France has persisted with such constancy and determination in getting her claim of a right to an armed intervention with the affairs of Spain acknowledged without having the intention of exercising it."

The French papers of Tuesday state, that on the preceding evening an extraordinary courier was dispached by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duke of Montmorency, to Madrid, conveying the resolution of the Congress to the Spanish government. The answer to it, every one believes, will be that of defiance; but hostilities may not be immediate—negociations will first be resorted to, although war appears inevitable. The Duke of Angouleme was to set out last week for the frontiers.

Dispatches were received yesterday from the Duke of of Wellington, whose arrival in England may be shortly expected. The Duke will pass through Paris on his return, and it is not unlikely that our Goverument will then renew its endeavours to avert the calamities which will follow the breaking out of a war in Europe, for there is every probability that this country would sooner or later be involved in it.

Letters from the frontiers of Spain prepare us for immediate hostilities between the two countries. Viscount Montmorency has been promoted to the rank of Duke Mathieu de Montmorency. The Insurgent Chief Quesada was expected to leave Paris on the 2d inst. for Navarre; and the Trappist is stated to have arrived at St. Jean Pied de Port, on his way to the same province, to take command of a division of the Royalist army.

It is stated that preparations are now making in Toulon for the reception of a foreign fleet; and that the French Government has entered into a contract with the shippers at Marseilles for a very large number of transport vessels, to convey to Spain provisions and warlike stores, and, what is not a little extraordinary, the contract is made for the space of five years.

The *Moniteur* contains an extract of a letter from Perpignan, announcing the complete triumph of the Constitutionalists, the retreat of the remains of their enemies into the French territory, and that "the French troops were under arms on all the points where the combats took place."

These papers communicate another piece of intelligence of no small importance, namely, a letter from Mr. Canning to the Portuguese Charge d' Affaires in London, assuring him, "that from all the news received by the British Government, *nothing justifies the idea entertained by his Most* FAITHFUL MAJESTY *and his Ministers, of an invasion in the Peninsula*," and that "the undersigned does not hesitate to assure his Most FAITHFUL MAJESTY, that his Majesty the King of GREAT BRITAIN *will never see with indifference any attempt whatever against the independence of Portugal*, and that his MAJESTY will always be ready to grant to Portugal *the protection which it has a right to expect from a nation, its ally.*" This certainly is a most important document. It pledges the English Government in the most unequivocal manner to make common cause with the nations of the Peninsula.

Notwithstanding an Ordonnance in the *Moniteur* for calling out 40,000 Conscripts, still the opinion gains ground in Paris, that war will yet be avoided.

FINAL DECISION OF CONGRESS.

At length the Congress at Verona has completed its important session. The *Moniteur* of Sunday last announces the return of the French Plenipotentiary, M. de Montmoretncy, on Saturday, when he was immediately admitted to an audience of Louis XVIII.; the Duke of Wellington was to leave Verona on the 24th of last month, and the Emperors and Kings were to separate for their respective capitals about the same time.—With respect to the question of interference in the affairs of Spain, it is stated that the Congress concluded its deliberations, by a decision that France is to be left at liberty to take such measures with regard to Spain as the French Government may think necessary. The Duke of Wellington declined acceding to this determination (in which all the other Members of the Congress, however, are united,) and England is therefore no party to it.—The writers on all sides in this country, and in France, treat the license to France on the part of the Holy Alliance, as equivalent to a declaration of war against Spain.

The *Courier* observes on the subject—

"We cannot but be of opinion, that war will take place. And, as far as we are able to ascertain, both parties have for some time been making preparations for such an event. We stated, some days ago, that Spain had been giving increased activity to all her military efforts; ordering fresh levies to be raised forthwith under the severest penalties; fortifying garrisons, and indeed doing every thing that announced the expectation of an immediate attack. Mina was, at the same time, directed to press the Army of the Faith as closely as possible, in order that their strength might be weakened, and their strong holds forced before the entrance of a foreign army. Nor has France been backward on her part. She has been gradually increasing her army on the Spanish frontiers; and we see, by a decree of the *Moniteur* of Sunday, that she has ordered 40,000 men of the class of 1822 to be called out. This may be styled indulging a warlike language: but what other language, what other conclusions, will the premises at present warrant? A few words will sum up the whole. Spain in her present situation is viewed by France as dangerous. To provide against that danger, France sends her Plenipotentiaries to a Congress of European Powers to point it out, and to demand a remedy. The danger is acknowledged by the Continental Powers—the remedy she demanded is sanctioned, viz. to interfere with arms, in order to put down the danger. How then can we be expected to believe she does not mean to apply the remedy?"

Nothing at present is said of the decisions of the Congress on any other point of the wide business on which the members assembled to consult. Generally, it is intimated in the foreign journals that great unanimity prevailed, but nothing seems to have transpired of the resolutions adopted with respect either to the Greeks or any other subject.

The Paris Papers of Tuesday inform us, that on the previous evening a French courier was dispatched to Madrid; and it is believed that he is the bearer of the resolutions of the congress in the affairs of the Peninsula. If it be necessary to wait for the answer to the dispatch, before the French Government can make known its final resolution, a fortnight, at least, must elapse. And that they are waiting for it, may be expected, from an article in the demi-official Journal of the French Government, the *Etoile*. In reply to the Opposition Journals, that paper asks—"Is it not easy to conceive a political position, in which it would be impossible to affirm any thing; In fact, if the resolution which is to be taken, *dependent upon the determination of a neighbouring Government*, it is evedent that the question must remain undecided, even supposing Ministers had irrevocably wished that the dignity of France, its honour, and its interest which is that of all Europe, should be protected against all injury." In other and plainer words—"Whatever our wish may be, we must wait till we have the decision of the Spanish Government." *Weekly Messenger, 9th December.*

LONDON—DECEMBER 2.

The Duke of York stood god father on Friday at the Mansion house, to the infant son of Lord Mayor Heygate.

It is rumoured in the political circles, that in case of the present Chancellor resigning, he will be succeeded in his high office by Lord Chief Justice Abbott.

Sir. W. Plumer. Master of the Rolls, is reported to be dangerously indisposed of some complaint of a surgical nature; four eminent professional men are in attendance.

The Lords of the Treasury have it in contemplation to issue warrants to the Commissioners of Customs and Excise, authorising them to permit samples of spirits to be imported in phials, not exceeding half a pint each; wine, in phials not exceeding a pint each; coffee, cocoanuts, and pepper, in packages, not exceeding a quarter of a Pound each; tobacco in packages, not exceeding 2lb. each, and snuff 1 lb. each, provided masters of vessels specify in their manifests and reports the several packages and kinds of goods contained in each, and describe them as samples; the importation of samples of tobacco and snuff being also confined to the ports at which tobacco is allowed to be imported.

With feelings of extreme gratification do we communicate to our readers the prospect of being soon able to attain, from our own soil and climate, the various wines of the Continent in perfection. A Company of the most independent and respectable characters is now forming for the cultivation of vines for that purpose, on the new principle suggested by a gentleman of Ireland, without walls or glass. Although the expose &c. &c. of this plan has not as yet been published, yet the sharers in the Company we speak of, are so well satisfied of the results of the undertaking from the effects which they have witnessed, produced from the attractive, reflective, and vegetative composition advertised in our, and contemporaries publications, for so wonderfully stimulating to grapes, &c. that they are determined to fill up the subscription of £10,000 amongst themselves and connections under the title of "The First Irish Vineyard Company." We shall turn to this subject on a future day, as we consider it highly worthy of our and the public attention.—*Freeman's Dublin Journal.*

We have reason to know that the public of Great Britain and Ireland are indebted for the return of their incomparable Lyric Bard, T. Moore, from the banishment to which his misplaced confidence in others had consigned him, to his rural home near Devizes, to an act of noble generosity and kindness on the part of his friend and neighbour the Marquis of Lansdowne.—*Cork Southern Reporter*

It will give universal satisfaction to our readers, and to the whole Irish public, to learn, that our most Gracious Sovereign has been pleased to honor our late excellent Chief Justice, the Hon. William Downes, with the rank and dignity of a Baron of the United Kingdom, in token of his Majesty's approbation of his services as Chief Judge in Ireland for a number of years. His Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council will assemble, we believe, on Thursday next, for the purpose of swearing in Lieutenant-General Lord Combermere a member of that Right Honorable Board.—*Dublin Patriot.*

APPOINTMENT.

Lieutenant Cook, of the Portsmouth Division of Royal Marines, is appointed Aid-de-Camp to the Rt. Hon Lord Amherst, the newly appointed Governor General of India.

LORD CLIVE'S FUND.

The Directors of the East India Company have received Six Hundred Pounds, as a Donation to Lord Clive's Fund.

Asiatic Journal for Dec

Mr. O Meara.—There have been several very staggering questions put in the public papers touching this person's book:—one with respect to Buonaparte's speech to him upon the marriage of our Princess Elizabeth, which has not been very satisfactorily answered, We have seen in manuscript, a large collection of notes upon the work, of a similar nature, which however, as they are not intended for publication perhaps, it is not fair to refer to; but the following letter from Count Bertrand, we consider it our duty to publish, as it has already appeared in some of the daily prints. The Count, it appears, is mentioned in the work as being able to vouch for its authenticity.

To the Editor of the Constitutionel.

"Paris, Nov. 24, 1822.

"Sir,—Finding that two volumes, entitled "*L' Echeo de St. Helene*, have lately been published, the writer of which seems to have invoked my testimony to their authenticity. I feel it due to the memory of Napoleon, to France, and I will say, to Europe, to declare, that *I am a perfect stranger to the contents of the publication, and that I have not heard the conversations which the author states himself to have had*, with the illustrious prisoner of St. Helena.

(Signed) "Count BERTRAND."

Mr. O'Meara on Saturday night published the following letter in the Courier which, in justice, we also insert.

To the Editor of the Courier.

"Sir, An article having appeared in your Journal of yesterday, giving a translation purporting to be that of a letter from Count Bertrand in the Constitutional, and headed by a statement that I had appealed to him as being a person who could vouch for the accuracy of the work lately published by me, entitled *Napoleon in Exile, or a Voice from St. Helena*, I request that you will be pleased to give an early insertion to the following statement.

"The assertion, that I have appealed to Count Bertrand, to vouch for the 'accuracy' of my work is wholly incorrect. By a reference to my book, it will be seen that I have merely stated that I could appeal to him, in common with the other executors, and to Count de Las Cases, as to the *facilities* for communication which I had with Napoleon, and the *familiarities* with which he honoured me.

"I must observe, that there has been a mistranslation of the French of Count Bertrand's letter. The words in the original, now lying before me, are '*je suis entierement etranger a la publication de cet imprime;*' meaning '*I had*

no hand in the publication of the work,' It is perfectly true, that Count Bertrand had no hand in the publication of my book, and am happy to be able to state what may be of service to him, in the negociation which he is carrying on with the French Government for the payment of money bequeathed to him by Napoleon As to that part of my work describing the ill treatment inflicted upon his late master, I have before me now, in *Count Bertrand's hand writing*, a detailed statement, amply confirming the narrative in my book

" It is known to the public, that a prentended translation of my work was lately published at Paris, called *L'Echo de Sante Helene*; but, being partly mutilated, and partly fabricated in the grossest manur, I myself have denounced it as such in various journals—amongst others in your own. One should suppose that Court Bertrand must have alluded to this work and not to the original English edition, for that was sent by me to him more than four months ago, and was seen upon his table, about that time, by a friend of mine. It is not to be supposed that the understanding English very well would have delayed him so long to contradict it, had he believed the contents to be untrue: & indeed, his letter refers to a book which he had just seen published for the first time.

" It is perfectly true that Count Bertrand *did not hear the conversations* which I have stated to have passed between Napoleon and mys lf, as he was *not present*; nor have I, in my book, represented him to have been a witness to any between us three, consisting of more than a few words.

" Every one who has read my book, must have perceived Napoleon's own personal voucher, for the confidence with which he honored me and the credit with which he wished my communications respecting him, should be received by his nearest and dearest relatives. This document is still in my possession, and I will with pleasure shew it to any person who may wish to refer to it.

" I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

" BARRY E. O'MEARA."

IRELAND.

The *Dublin Evening Post* of Tuesday last, received this morning, says:—" The intelligence from the South, though not actually satisfactory, is not of a nature to excite any painful sensation. There have been some outrages, but they are few in number, and not very atrocious in character."

COUNTY SLIGO ELECTION.

Last Thursday night's (28th ult.) poll left Col. King a majority of 93—the corrected state of Friday's poll, gave him a majority of 166, and on Saturday night at seven o'clock, the numbers stood thus—

For Colonel King.....810
Colonel Perceval.....669
Majority for Col King on 6th day—141

I hope this day (Monday 2d inst.) or to-morrow, will close a contest carried on with much spirit and rather angry feelings by the partizans of each side.—*Idem.*

REVISION OF THE IRISH MAGISTRACY.

We understand that Writs of Supersedeas have been issued to a vast number of Gentlemen, of the first rank and consequence, who have been deprived of their Commissions as Magistrates. This measure is supposed to be introductory to the new Constabulary Bill. The following are already known:—

SUPERSEDED.

County Armagh—1 Earl, 2 Barons, 2 Honorable and Reverend Gentlemen, 1 Honorable Gentleman, 1 Brigadier General, 26 Esquires

Carlow—1 Knight, 12 Esquires.

Cavan—1 Knight, 2 Major-Generals 1 Lieut. Colonel, 18 Esq.

Clare—3 Major Generals, and all the other Military Gentlemen lately put into the Commission; 2 Knights, 14 Esq.

Donegal—1 Honorable Gentleman, 1 Major General, 15 Esquires.

Down—3 Honorable Gentlemen, 1 Major General, 1 Brigadier General, 1 Baronet, 37 Esqs.

Fermanagh—1 Major General, 6 Esquires.

Galway—1 Major General, 1 Knight, 1 Honorable Mr ————, 1 Reverend Mr. ——, 3 Lieutenant-Colonels, 20 Esquires.

Kildare—1 Major-General, 12 Esquires.

The arrangements for the other counties are not as yet known—*Dublin Patriot.*

In nine Counties, nearly two hundred Noblemen and Gentlemen have been deprived of their Commissions. This is the greatest alteration that has yet been made in the Government of this country. It is an alteration, every candid man will admit, rendered absolutely necessary by the wants and wishes of the country. We hope that the new principle now introduced into the local government of Ireland, will justify the expectations formed of it; and from what has already occurred, we are disposed to infer that it will.

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

The country continues to enjoy tranquillity. The incendiaries and fabricators of news in the county of Cork have been busy in tales of horror, which it appears, have not the slightest foundation. Limerick is quiet, and so is Tipperary. In some other counties, Petty Sessions are held every week; and every thing, thanks to the vigour and prudence of the Authorities, promises a continuance of the present calm throughout the winter—*Dublin Evening Post.*

FONTHILL ABBEY.

Since the days of Harry the Eighth, there has been nothing in England, that might be compared with the scenes to which the opening of this edifice has given rise. Before his time, it was no unusual spectacle to see gallant Knights and high-born Maidens, Nobles, and Commoners of every rank, Squires, Yeomen, Peasants, and Mendicants, crowding after each other, in their various costume, some riding gaily caparisoned and spirited coursers, some on gentle palfreys, some on mules, and some goading obstinate donkeys, along the public roads, at those stated seasons of penitence, which were dedicated to pilgrimages. The Cathedral of Canterbury offered a favourite shrine to the devotees of those days, although it would appear that Stoward's characteristic picture of a pilgrimage to that place, would have better suited one of the earlier scenes of a similar kind which took place when the Monasteries and Abbeys of Glastonbury frowned in their glory. Could we but for a moment imagine that it is a religious, and not a worldly object, which has been seducing thousands to the Abbey of Fonthill for the last two months, and still continues to attract them, a picture of the groups daily moving towards it, and in the glades and woods around it would be at least as diversified and perhaps as interesting as the well known sketch I have mentioned.

In order to understand the effect of this extraordinary structure, you must imagine a lofty hill, completely surrounded by a circle of lesser hills, of which it forms nearly the centre. It commands the whole of them. They are distant from it about five or six miles all round being in some parts regular, in some beautifully undulated, in others bold and abrupt. The interval between the central hill and those in the circumferance is hollowed out by the hand of nature into a number of irregular valleys, whose deepest recesses are in the immediate neighbourhood of the Abbey. The sides of the surrounding hills present for the most part gentle and extended declivities, though here and there, in the half distance, breasts of land suddenly swell out from the bosom of the vale, which give diversity and shading to the prospect. On the west, north, and particularly on the south, these hills and breasts of land are thickly wooded, the declivities are divided into fields for corn or pasture, the valleys are planted with sbrubs and choice trees in the most picturesque taste, and in some places they are laid out in green lawns and gardens, which always fascinate the eye. Upon the summit of the central hill stands Fonthill Abbey, thus commanding on every side such varied and enchanting prospects as are scarcely to be found in any other part of England—rich without gorgeousness, harmoniousness without monotony, simple without negligence; such, as we conceive in imagination when we dream of the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

The edifice is built in the monastic style, and presents in new and solid perfection a pile of Gothic architecture, not unlike that of Westminster Abbey. It is in the form of a cross the longest branch of which extends towards the east, the shortest to the west; the two side aisles are of equal length. one to the north, the other to the south, the whole four branches being in excellent proportion. The centre, where the four divisions meet, is in the shape of an octagon, which is formed by eight double clustered piers of great height and massive beauty. These piers sustain eight lofty pointed arches, and upon these arches is raised an immense tower which forms the principal external feature of the Abbey. It is very nearly 280 feet in height, and rises in a square form, from between four pediments. Lofty as it is, it is yet unfinished; the spire remains to be added, which, from the proportion, must be raised to at least 120 feet. It is to be surmounted by a cross, and the whole, finished, will present a tower and spire, whose highest point will be four hundred feet from the ground. Some idea may be formed of the extensive view which the highest galleries will afford, when it is observed that the base of the tower is as high as the top of the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, which is remarkable for its altitude. The grand entrance to the Abbey is by the western door (the head of the the cross), which is of majestic dimensions, in the Gothic pointed style, and opens to the hall. The roof is of oak finely carved, very lofty, and decorated in the old baronial style, with many shields, which are emblazoned with various family quarterings. The hall is lighted by three Gothic windows, which are on the right hand, and beautifully painted, after the manner of some ancient specimens in the Cathedral of Canterbury. On the left hand are three recesses hung with crimson curtains, to correspond with the windows; in the central recess there is a marble statue of Mr. Beckford's grandfather, Alderman, and twice Lord Mayor, so distinguished by the stern reply which he made to the late King, on receiving an unfavourable answer to the City remonstrance. A flight of stone steps, which extend nearly the whole width of the hall, lead to the octagon before mentioned. The roof of the hall, and the entrance, seem, however, much too lofty for its interior length. When you are about to be admitted by such a noble entrance, you expect to traverse a lengthened and level aisle. Instead of this, the stone steps meet you almost immediately after you enter, and you feel that the decorations of the hall, beatiful as they are, by no means compensate for the want of space. This, however, is a defect which the proportions of the edifice would not admit of being remedied. After ascending the flight of steps, and passing the landing-place, you enter the octagon, from whence you have at once a view of the four branches of the cross. But it is not to these that a stranger first turns his attention. In fact, he has scarcely any discretion at the moment, for he is struck with the greatest surprise and admiration by the octagon itself, which is almost sublime. It is finished at the top by a vaulted roof, the height of which is one hundred and thirty feet from the ground. It is so far the interior of the great tower. It is lighted in the lantern by eight windows richly painted, but its most magnificent ornaments are four large Gothic windows placed between the piers of four of the arches which sustain the tower. Three of these windows, which are of noble dimensions, are painted after a simple but very beautiful pattern, which has been taken from some windows in the monastery of Batalha, in Portugal. It is a ruby rosette, with a yellow centre, encompassed by four leaves of mazarine blue, with a yellow border. It is the same in every compartment, and the whole frame is bordered with yellow. When the sun beams on one of these windows, his light appears in the interior of the octagon modified into the various hues of the compartments, and the objects upon which it falls, seem, for the moment, as if they had been suddenly painted in supernatural colours by some genii of the skies. The fourth window is dimmed to a sea-green, as it is shown only by a feeble light from the tower staircase, the balustrade of which winds almost close to it.

In the eastern arch of the octagon, opposite the grand western entrance, there is an organ gallery, but I believe there is no organ in it. It is not open to visitors. About half way up between the Batalha windows and the lantern, there are four Gothic arches, which communicate by a gallery that runs all round, with four apartments in the tower, called the nunneries. They are small, square, dark apartments, and would be called cells but for the baronial tapestry with which they are hung. There are paintings in them which are from sacred subjects—none, however, worthy of particular notice.

It appears that the cause of this magnificent place being sold is, that Mr. Beckford has suffered great, and indeed irreparable losses in his West India property. The truth is, that there are executions in the Abbey at this moment to the amount of eighty thousand pounds. The view of the effects has taken place entirely under the control of the Sheriff; and the persons who have been taken for the Abbey servants, and whose civil demeanour in exhibiting the curious rarities of the place, calls for our acknowledgments are no other than Sheriff's officers. The produce of the admission tickets, which has probably netted ten thousand pounds, goes to the liquidation of the debts. Looking at the matter in this view, it cannot but excite painful and melancholy reflections on the tenure by which men hold the goods of this life. Those who were acquainted with Mr. Beckford's circumstances, some few years ago, thought him so secured in the enjoyment of a princely income, that he was absolutely beyond the reach of fortune. He, at one time, was in the actual receipt of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds a year. It cannot be said of him that he wasted his inheritance at the gaming table. This palace, which he raised on a barren mountain, the greater part of those vast plantations which surround it, the collection of books, and of rare works of art, and the superb furniture, which give such peculiar dignity and splendour to the interior of his residence, speak at once the immensity of his means, and attest the propriety and gracefulness of their application. To him, who, whatever you may hear to the contrary, seems really to have devoted his whole nerve to the business of making this Abbey realize the most fascinating visions of a noble imagination, such a frustration of all his hopes, in the evening of his life, must be poignant beyond the common intensity of human feeling. The Abbey was the only enjoyment he had in this world. There he saw the years and seasons succeed each other, without any society, feeding his fancy amid the splendid and romantic solitude around him. Imbued with the spirit of elegant literature, gifted with poetic inspirations far beyond those which have raised many modern names to celebrity, a perfect master of the living languages, and not unskilled in the lore of antiquity, pasionately fond of music, painting, and the liberal arts, he divided his hours amongst the various elegant employments which his accomplished mind, his uninterrupted seclusion, and his inexhaustible resources, must have rendered transcendently delightful. It is not to be wondered at, thought it may be a subject of regret, if such circumstances nurtured his thougts to a tone some what above the common-place ideas of mankind, and gave him a distaste for any enjoyments which lay beyond the precincts of his monastery. Since the death of his lady, which occurred upwards of thirty years ago, he has been a perfect hermit.

Mr Beckford is undoubtedly a man of the most sullen and inflexible pride. In early youth he was remarkable for *mauvaise honte*; a misfortune of character which has been very little mitigated by what he has seen of the world. He has travelled a good deal abroad, and has given an animated discription of Italy in his letters from that country, which were published in two volumes, at Salisbury, in 1805. It is said also that he has written secret memoirs of the Court of Spain; but they still remain in manuscript in his own possession. He is best known in the literary wold by his production of *Vatek*. This is an oriental story, in one volume octavo, which Lord Byron has highly praised for its " correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination."—The language throughout the story is measured, and, at the same time, impregnated with a poetic fervour, which never passes beyond the bounds of a just and very classical taste. It was written originally in French of the purest Parisian dialect, by Mr. Beckford, which raises the merit of his performance. The cast of imagination that pervades it, is peculiarly elevated, and shows a thorough acquaintance, not only with the learning, religion, and manners of the East, but also a vein of thought, which would seem to belong almost exclusively to the children of the sun.

The reports which have been circulated of the difficulty which existed before July last of gaining admission to the Abbey, seem to have been well founded. The young gentleman who was said to have got over the wall that surrounds the grounds was young Mr. Bankes. It is not true, however, that he climbed the wall in the first instance, He went up to the Abbey in a smock-frock, disguised as a common labourer, pretending to have business with the steward. He was soon discovered, from the intensity of his curiosity; was brought before the Proprietor, who treated him most hospitably, showed him over the Abbey, and, late in the dusk of evening, left him in the grounds—which are a labyrinth, to get out as well as he could, as he was an uninvited guest.—Mr Bankes found it extremely difficult to do so, but at length he escaped, some what in the way in which it has been related. In fact, the curiosity of every person who had ever heard of the Abbey was violent before it was opened. Many persons disguised themselves as labourers and picture-sellers, and venders of curiosities, in order to gratify their desire of seeing the place. Some succeeded without being discovered; others failed; but generally, those who were discoved were treated with hospitality. After Lord Nelson scoured the West Indian Seas of the French fleet, which threatened Jamica, Mr. Beckford invited him to the Abbey, which was lighted up in every part for his reception. The Naval Hero entered the place by torch-light, and the entertainment, which he met, was of the most sumptuous description. Mr. Rogers, the poet and a very few others, also saw the Abbey some time ago, through the interest of the Hamilton family. Mr. Beckford's only daughter, you are aware, is the present amiable and highly accomplished Duchess. When the present King was staying with the Bishop of Salisbury, some years ago, it is said that he signified a wish to see Fonthill, but the honour was positively declined, the excuse being that the Abbey was not then in a finished state.

Neither is it finished to this day. The part which is imperfect is that, which is called the Chapel—that is to say, *the eastern aisle, the longest branch of the cross, in the form of which the Abbey is built. The whole of this branch, however, is not devoted to the Chapel. The upper part of it only is dedicated to this purpose, for it is divided into two stories by a floor, which extends from one extremity to the other. The Chapel will occupy the entire length of the upper story,* and as the roof is lofty, its effect will not be injured by this disposition. The lower story is divided into chambers, for various purposes; two of these chamber are finished, and deserve description.

The grand western entrance, the hall, and the octagon into which you come from the hall, have been already treated. Going on then in a straight line from the hall through the octagon, under a Gothic arched doorway, you enter the first of the chambers above alluded to. It is called the cabinet room, and is hung—that is to say, its walls are covered with crimson damask. It is called the cabinet room, from its being the repository of several cabinets which contain the choicest articles of Mr. Beckford's gold and silver-gilt plate and a few other things of great value. As you enter this room, you see exactly opposite to you in a recess, which is festooned with crimson damask, curtains a magnificent cabinet of ebony. It is eight feet high, of exquisite workmanship, & supported by eight vases. Two folding doors, which are carved in high relief enclose its superb contents. Its interior is divided into three square compartments. The compartments on each side are subdivided by a shelf, the central one is without a shelf. A simple enumeration of the articles in each compartment may serve to give some idea of the impression which the tout ensemble makes on the eye when first one beholds it. On the shelf of the compartment, on the right hand as you stand before it, are an agate cup and cover, richly mounted in silver gilt; two tazzas, or shallow cups, of lapis lazuli; a crystal flower vase mounted in gold and set with rubies; and a red agate cup and cover. Underneath this shelf are an oriental cup and cover of agate; a large oval capolette of Hugarian agate; and an extremely beautiful cup and cover of oriental mamillated calcedony, engraved in the Persian style, the stem enriched with rubies. In the central compartment are a large salver of enamel, two tazzas of gold, an onyx cup and cover, enriched with rubies and diamonds, and a vase, hollowed out of a large block of Hungarian topaz, set with diamonds. On the shelf of the left hand compartment are a large two-handled cup of rock crystal, another cup of the same of an oval shape, and an oval cup of sardonyx. Underneath this shelf are a calcedony & a sardonyx cup. The latter is said to be of ancient Greek workmanship—The vine leaves which encrust its surface, are indeed beautifully cut, but it has not the simplicity of a true antique. There are several other splendid articles in this cabinet, but we hasten to one which stands on the left hand as you enter, which has four shelves crowded with gold and silver gilt plate, some of the ewers in which are so massive, that it requires more than the strength of a female hand to lift one of them. It is unnecessary to enumerate them all, It will be sufficient to state, that among them are two large magnificent handled tazzas of silver gilt, most exquisitely chased, a silver gilt tea urn, stand and lamp, silver-gilt kettle and stand, a [illegible] cup, a silver-gilt [illegible], a magnificent embossed dish of silver gilt, which formerly belonged to Charles I., which in it are six compartments, with the labours of Hercules chased round the rose and crown which form the centre of the dish. There is another dish of the same material, ornamental and chased with the family arms and quarters, which is not to be sold. Ewers, vases, salvers, dishes, cups of massive size and uncommon beauty, being for the most part after the antique style, are so numerous in this cabinet, that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks round at the other cabinets, candelabras, and ornaments which decorate the room, we almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some Oriental Prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every description, from the ruby to the diamond. This room is also decorated with some of the finest paintings in the whole collection.

In the second room, which is the last finished on that side, and is called the New Room, and which you enter by a door from the cabinet room, there is also a fine collection of pictures though of a mixed character, Here too are cabinets and commodes of ebony, cabinets of gold japan, and ebony chairs on silver easterns. The chairs once belonged to Cardinal Wolsey.

The roads and villages about this place have once more resumed that aspect of rural quietness, which during the last three months they seemed to have exchanged for the bustle of an assize town. Two carriages came into Hindon on Monday with families from a considerable distance, expecting they might see the Abbey that day, and determined to attend the sale. One or two horsemen also made their appearance, having the same objects in view. When they heard that the sale was not to take place, they seemed to feel much disappointed. They endeavoured, however, at least to gratify their curiosity by going to the Abbey gate, where they found that positive orders had been given not to admit any person.—They made use of every entreaty, sent up cards, wrote notes, more like petitions than any thing else, pleaded that they had come from many miles off, but it was all to no purpose. The reply to all was that orders of the most positive nature had been received from Mr. Beckford upon the subject, and that no admission was to be had. " Could we not be allowed to see the Abbey any hour today?—No. To-morrow?—No. Any day in the week, if for ever so short a time?—No." The negative was most absolute; no possible mode of softening it was to be expected, and the ladies exclamed that it was " ungracious," " unhandsome," " abrupt," and every thing of that sort, " not to keep the show open at least one day longer." The gentlemen swore that it was all a d—d humbug on the public, and that a sale never was intended. They were told that they had sufficient notice that the Abbey would close on Saturday last, but upon the subject of the sale, it was admitted that the notice was too short. Sheers, indeed, every body must see it was. Every body is

Digitized by the Government of Maharashtra
on 08 April, 2017

the principal inns of this neighbourhood was engaged more than six weeks ago for families who intended to be present at the sale. Many of these, who were coming from the north and west of England, are now doubtless on their journey, and unless perchance they hear on their way that the sale is not to go on, they will proceed thither to meet with certain disappointment. Under such circumstances it may perhaps seem harsh that a discretion was not given to the agents at the Abbey to admit at least those who came from a great distance. To those who live only fifty or a hundred miles off, the same necessity does not exist for an apology, though doubtless their disappointment is equally vexatious.

Intelligence, which appears of an authentic character, has been just received here, that the whole estate has been sold by private contract to Mr. Farquhar, a rich East India merchant. The sum given has not been stated but it is supposed to exceed three hundred thousand pounds. Every article in the Abbey goes with it, with the exception of the family plate and pictures, and a very few favourite rarities. Possession is to be taken immediately. The sale of the whole estate is an event for which the people about here seem to have been totally unprepared. They were led to believe, from the beginning, that nothing was to be sold but the mere luxuries of the place—but as to the Abbey, they universally asserted in the strongest manner as if they had good reason to be convinced of the thing, that Mr. Beckford would as soon part with his life as with a residence which he prized so dearly. Now, however, that they have heard from the steward, that the estate has been sold, and that he has received notice to quit his office in a fortnight, they begin to feel that they have lost an excellent landlord. They speak of Mr. Beckford with a regard which I have seen attested, in more than one instance, by cheeks wet with tears. If he had faults, they certainly did not reach his tenantry, for, so far as it is possible to judge from their expressions and demeanour, they seem really to feel his removal from the estate as a severe calamity. Mr. Beckford has taken a house in town, in the New-road where he means chiefly to reside in future.

Report is already busy as to the dispositions and character of the new landlord; it is a subject upon which the people about here have either heard or invented several accounts, which of course, are to them of deep interest. One point all are agreed upon, and that is, that Mr. Farquhar is so rich as to be able to command between two and three millions of money! This looks like an exaggeration. Another point equally certain (with them) is that the same Mr. Farquhar is a very odd sort of a man, a great eccentric, an absolute miser, and an old bachelor, nearly 70 years of age. No man would think of buying such a place as Fonthill Abbey, who had not some taste, and who was unwilling to keep a liberal and hospitable establishment. If such a man there be, let his riches be what they may, he is unworthy to enter a residence which may be properly called the grandest in England, not even excepting Chatsworth.

I have already endeavoured to describe a part of the interior, the western entrance, the hall, the octagon, the two chambers in the eastern branch of the cross, which exhibit such a profusion of cabinets, gold & silver plate, precious stones, and paintings. The stateliest portions of the edifice, however, still remain to be touched, and as they are closed up for the present, and probably will long remain barred against the public, it may gratify the curious to go into a little detail respecting them, avoiding, at the same time that minuteness which would confuse rather than inform the mind of the reader. Entering then the hall again from the western door, and ascending by the hall steps to the octagon, the two equal branches of the cross—or, in other words, the two wings, are seen—one to your right (south) the other to your left (north.) The northern wing is called King Edward's Gallery, and it may also be denominated the Museum of Curiosities. Conceive a long gallery lighted by several lofty gothic windows, the top compartments of which are brilliantly painted with the arms of several distinguished personages. These seven windows are hung with curtains of purple and scarlet, which of themselves have a most superb effect. The side of the gallery opposite to the windows is fitted up with six recesses which are filled with books richly bound. Between these recesses there are as many oak cabinets richly carved, and surmounted by various beautiful specimens of oriental vases. On the other side, between the windows are twelve ebony stands, each supporting a pair of silver gilt candlesticks, richly chased. Between these ebony stands, there are six stands of oak, each of which supports a jar of oriental china. These articles only, one would imagine, are sufficient to decorate the gallery of any sovereign, but they are scarcely looked at by the visitors, whose attention is at first exclusively engrossed by a range of twelve tables, which are disposed along the centre of the gallery, and extend from the beginning of it to a point opposite the seventh or lowest window. These tables are for the most part of ebony; two are gilt toilet tables, and all of excellent workmanship. Upon each of these table stand some of the splendid curiosities, for which this gallery is so remarkable. They consist of vases and cabinets of carved ivory; cups of oriental sardonyx; a cup of ivory, sculptured by the celebrated Magnus Berg cabinets of ebony, elaborately carved in the Persian manner; nautilus shells finely engraved and mounted with gold gold jap-an basins and covers; shell-formed cups of rock crystal, mounted in enamelled gold; a beautiful cup of yellow agate almost of a jasper hue mounted in gold enamelled white and green; and a superb coffer of japan, quite unique, as a specimen of Japanese art, formerly the property of Cardinal Mazarine.—Besides these, there is a beautiful table of ebony, surmounted by a slab of verde antique; a superb Italian Mosaic table composed of various specimens of marble. But the grandest feature of the gallery, undoubtedly, is a table of Florentine Mosaic, which is of the time of the Medici, and was formerly in the Borghese Palace. The materials which compose it are oriental onyx, jaspers, and [illegible] rare and costly marbles. It is [illegible] half as wide, and is said to [illegible] its kind in Europe. When [illegible] on this gallery, and the sca[illegible] over the windows, the light [illegible] tiful hue, that the magnifi[illegible] and the visitors moving [illegible] seem to sparkle and [illegible] vapour of gold. Al[illegible]

[illegible] cupied by the sanctuary and the oratory. The former is a splendid vestibule to the latter; but though there is a golden lamp suspended from a very beautiful ceiling in the oratory, and but a feeble light is admitted, yet the gloom wants solemnity, and the place does not seem well chosen for the fervency and humility of prayer. It is too near to a splendour, which is apt to dissipate the thoughts; &, in fact, it seems to be an oratory, made rather for effect than from motives of religion. It may not perhaps be generally known that Mr. Beckford is a Roman Catholic. During the early part of his life, he was of the Established Church. His adoption of the Catholic faith occurred about twenty years ago; and this accounts for the preference which he gives to the Abbey style of building.

The other wing of the edifice, which is to the south, & on the right as you enter the octagon from the hall, corresponds very much as to the style in which it is fitted up, with the gallery which we have just described. The scarlet and purple curtains, the stands for books surmounted by jars are nearly alike in both. There is this difference, that it has no tables for curiosities in the centre, and that between the windows, and in the side of the gallery opposite to them, there are recesses which contain an immense number of splendidly bound books. The windows here are all beautifully painted, and the gallery (it is called that of St. Michel,) is altogether perfectly magnificent. To this wing there are added several irregular buildings, which afford the most convenient chambers for usual habitation. There are some of them hung with yellow silk damask, others with pieces of ancient tapestry. There is an air of modern grandeur, mingled with baronial pride and simplicity about these various chambers, which would render them the principal objects of attention, if they were attached to any other building in Europe than the magnificent Abbey of Fontanl.

Though several families arrived at Salisbury, and in the villages near the Abbey, this day (Tuesday), in expectation of the sale, yet the number was by no means considerable. Every exertion was made to have the private disposal of the effects and estate communicated as distinctly and as rapidly as it was possible. The new proprietor has already taken possession, and the answer given to the few who requested to be permitted to see the Abbey, was, that he had issued the strictest prohibition against the admission of every person. The edifice, therefore, and the grounds about them, have once more returned to that solitude which is most congenial with their character. The avenue presents a strong contrast to-day to the aspect which it presented during the last two months. There were seen, every hour, splendid equipages, horsemen, and vehicles of every sort, hastening through its umbrageous windings towards the scene of general rendezvous. To-day no noise is heard along its path, save the twittering of a few birds, and the wind rustling through the lofty trees on either side, scattering in the way their yellow leaves as it passes.

There was some idea at first (it is said) of purchasing this estate for the Duke of Wellington. His Grace was down to see it a day or two before he left town for Vienna, and spent upwards of three hours in the Abbey and grounds. All the other Ministers, with the exception of Lord Liverpool, also inspected the Abbey, but what put an end to the negociation is a matter that has not transpired.

Before the present tower was raised to its present height, the late proprietor caused five or six hundred men to be employed upon it day & night. At night they worked by the light of torches, and Mr. Beckford used to ride out some distance and remain out the greater part of the night contemplating the effect of such an extraordinary exhibition.

A Morning Paper gives the following sketch of the peculiar habits of the new proprietor of this splendid residence:—

"Mr. Farquhar, the purchaser of Fonthill, is a man of an extraordinary character and habits. His story will add another to the many instances of the accumulation of wealth from succesful industry and attendant savings. Mr. Farquhar is a native of Aberdeen, and went out early in life to India, where he was employed for some time in a subordinate situation in the medical department. His mind was ever occupied in study, and chemical research was his favourite pursuit; from its practical application the foundation of his present immense fortune was laid. There was some defect in the mode of manufacturing gunpowder in the interior, and Mr. Farquhar was selected to give his assistance. By degrees he got the management of the concern, and finally became the sole contractor to the Government. In this way wealth and distinction rapidly poured in upon him, and he attained the particular favour and confidence of the late Mr. Warren Hastings. In Bengal, he was remarkable for the closeness of his application, unabating perseverence, & extraordinary mental vigour, and also for the same habits of penuriousness which he still adheres to. After years of labour, he came home from India, with a fortune estimated at half a million of money, the principal part of which was invested, through the late Mr. Coutts, in the funds, at the rate of 55*l.* for Three per Cent. Consols. On landing at Gravesend, Mr. Farquhar, to save coach or boat hire, walked to London, and his first visit very naturally was to his banker. Full of dust & dirt, with clothes not worth a guinea, he presented himself at the counter, and asked to see Mr. Coutts. The clerks disregarded his application, and he was suffered to wait in the cash office as a poor petitioner, until Mr. Coutts passing through it, after some explanation, recognised his Indian customer—the man whom he expected to see with a Nabob's pomp. Mr. Farquhar requested five pounds, and took his leave. He then settled in Upper Baker-street, where his house was to be distinguished by its dingy appearance, uncleaned windows, and general neglect. An old woman was his sole attendant, and his appartment, to which a brush or broom was never applied, was kept sacred from her care. Books and papers were strewed on the floor; the spot where the book was concluded, there it was thrown, and never removed. His neighbours were not all acquainted with his character; and there have been instances of some of them offering him money as an object of charity, or as a reduced gentleman. He became a partner in the great agency house in the city,, of Basset, Farquhar, and Co., and also purchased the late Mr. Whitbread's share in the brewery. Part of his great wealth was devoted to the purchase of estates, but the great bulk was invested in stock, and suffered to increase, on the principles of compound interest.—Every half year he regularly draws his dividends, his mercantile profits, and rents, and purchases in the funds. In this manner his wealth has accumulated. Mr. Farquhar is [illegible] ancient and modern literature; his [illegible] vigour and originality [illegible] order, impressive

life "unbroken in upon by tender caresses," unless some late alterations in his mode of life can be accounted or by the influence of the amiable weakness. He has gone to reside in one of his own houses in Gloucester-place, Portman-square, which he has furnished in a style of modern elegance. He has also set up a handsome chariot, and so far as a pearances are concerned, indulges in several luxuries; but his domestic habits are still the same, and his table seldom labours with the pressure of heavy dishes. He has one nephew, to whom he allows, or did allow, 500*l.* a year. He has but few other claims of family, and it is probable that his immense wealth will be bequeathed to some charitable institution, as the great object of his ambition is to leave his name to posterity, as the founder of some public institution. Perhaps his pride has slumbered for many years, and it is but now showing its extent. To that passion may be attributed the purchase of Fonthill Abbey, for his age and infirmities totally unfit him for the enjoyment of such a place. Those, who are not well acquainted with Mr. Farquhar, consider him as a sordid miser, who has craped money together by mere labour and saving; but the few with whom he associates recognize a powerful and enterprizing mind, a cultivated and discerning taste, and an intellectual refinement, totally opposite to that penury, which he seems to have at first imposed on himself as a duty, but which habit has made second nature. He is about sixty-five years of age, diminutive in person, & by no means prepossessing in appearence; his dress has all the qualities of the antique to recommend it; and his domestic expenditure, until the last year, has not exceeded 200*l.* a year, although his possessions, money in the funds, and capital in trade, is said to amount to a million and a-half.

PUGILISM

Between Ward (the Black) and Abbot (the Conqueror of Oliver) for fifty pounds a-side at Moulsey Hurst, on Tuesday.

An unusual degree of interest had been excited throughout the Fancy respecting the event of this battle, in consequence of the talent displayed by Ward in his fight with Acton, and also in his various exhibitions at the Fives Court, but more particularly in his set-to with Cy. Davis. At one o'clock on Tuesday, Abbot threw his hat into the ring, followed by Richmond and Josh. Hudson, as his seconds; and in a few minutes afterwards Ward, attended by Eales and Tom Janes, made his appearance.

Round 1.—Both the men appeared in fine condition; and a minute or two elapsed, when Ward hit short with his left hand; but he soon rectified this mistake by "nobbing" his opponent, getting away, and laughing at him. In a close, both went down, but Ward had the throw.

2. It was already seen that Abbot was a plaything in the hands of Ward, and he "nobbed" him with the utmost ease; and finished the round by hitting him down.—Seven to four.

3, & 4. The backers of Ward were in high glee that it was all right, and Abbot received another fall.

5. Abbot received a severe hit, and fell down on his knees.

6. 7, 8. In all of these rounds, Abbot appeared perfectly stupid from the repeated blows he received, and the severe falls he experienced. 5 & 6 to 1.

9, 10, 11, 12. Abott was so much at a loss that his blows were thrown away; in fact, he had not the shadow of a chance. In the last round he received a tremendous cross-buttock.

13, 14, 15, 16, 17. The wrists of the hands of the amateurs were so much made up, in consequence of the superior talent displayed by Ward, who did as he liked with his opponent, that 10 to 1 was offered; but no takers.

18. Abbot was hit down, and the battle was considered all but over; so much so, that Tom Belcher left the ring to get his pigeon to convey the intelligence to town of the defeat of Abbot.

19. At the conclusion of this round, Eales observing something wrong in his man, called out to Ward's backer, who immediately stepped into the ring, when Eales, with much indignation, observed, "Ward says, he means to cut it this round; he shall lose it." "No," replied his backer.

20. Ward now endeavoured to drop fighting, in order to give Abbot a chance; and actually, in an under tone, as we are informed by his second, said to Abbott—"Now hit me." When Eales remonstrated with him, he observed, "I know my orders I must not win it!" 100 to 1 on Ward.

21. Ward gave his opponent all the opportunity he could; but Abbot was so distressed that he could scarcely have knocked a fly off a leaf; but Ward took care to go down.

22 and last. Ward went down after a slight skirmish and on being picked up and placed on his second's knee, he smiled, but recollecting "orders," and for fear Abbot should give in, he went off in a swoon, and when "time', was called he would not notice it till he thought proper to come to, and quit the ring.

It is impossible to describe the consternation as well as the indignation expressed by the amateurs. So barefaced a robbery was never before witnessed in the annuals of pugilism. The umpire, when asked his opinion, replied, "he could not swear, it was a *cross*, but he was quite satisfied there was wrong conduct somewhere." The most honourable part of the sporting people declared they would not pay at present, and several gentlemen who had lost heavy stakes were to meet on Wednesday evening at the One Tun, in Jermyn-street, in order to investigate the matter. Ward, on recovering from his swoon, made his way out of the ring, and in his eagerness to get across the water to Hampton, jumped with the utmost ease over some ropes, laughing at the credulity of his backers.

Two other fights took place, but the principal part of the amateurs were so disgusted that they left the ring,

---

Complete Exposures and Detection of the 'Cross,' in the above Battle.

A most numerous meeting of sporting characters took place at the One Tun, in Jermyn-street, on Weduesday evening last, to investigate the suspicious circumstances respecting the termination of the above prize-fight. Ward, his backer, Tom Belcher, Eales, Cribb, Burns, &c. were present [illegible] the second to Ward, stated, "that to [illegible] conclusion of the battle he wished him to [illegible] win it; but was greatly suprised to hear [illegible] had his orders, and must not win the [illegible] appeared greatly agitated, and de[illegible]r, being left to himself for two or [illegible]nd called upon by the Chairman, [illegible]he burst into tears, hung[illegible]ed it was a C[illegible] [illegible]re of the Compa[illegible] [illegible]erson that wished him to sell [illegible]d Mr.——, his backer; and that his backer had promised him one hundred pounds if he lost the fight.

Mr. ——, in reply, denied it, and produced a certificate, signed by Ward that he had done the best to win the battle; that Ward went with him in a hackney coach before a Justice of the Peace in Hatton Garden; but the Magistrate refused to let him swear to such document.

Two gentlemen, Mr. F, and Captain P. stated to the meeting that they asked Ward in the morning, at the house of his baker, if it was a fair fight? He answered yes: that he had done his best to win the battle. It was also observed that Ward had, several times, in the course of the evening, wished to leave the room, in order to avoid the investigation.

The baker of Ward, Mr.——declared he believed the battle to be a "cross" but at the same time he pledged his honour, nay, he would take his oath, that he was not privy to such a circumstance. He had every thing to lose, and nothing to gain by such an event. He was well known to the sporting world—his character was now before them; and he defied any person to prove that he had won any considerable sum so as to have induced him to act like such a fool and scoundrel. On the contrary, he had backed Ward, and he trusted the battle money would not be given up.

The gent. who backed Abbot said he would not receive the money: but, nevertheless, he thought as Abbot said, he would not receive the money; but nevertheless he thought Abbot ought to have something done for him, as it did not appear that he had acted wrongly—(Great applause).

Mr. T. Belcher said, that previously to the battle, he had heard that some thing was wrong; and he mentioned it to Mr.——, Ward's backer, who immediately laid him the odds on Ward.

A letter was read from a well-known sporting gentleman, declaring that it was so flagrant a cross, that he would not receive upon it.—Before the question was put, Ward was again called, when he persisted, or to use his own words, said "it was a proper fair cross." That he was ignorant in the ways of the world, not used to company nor to drink wine. His backer had also endeavoured to make him tipsy the night before fighting, saying, 'never mind Ward, you have but little work to do to-morrow; therefore it is of no consequence how much you drink. As he hoped to go to Heaven hereafter; whatever he had done wrong was according to the directions of his backer, and not his inclination. He had told nothing to-night but the truth, and he was without a shilling." Mr.—, Ward's backer, again protested that he had no knowledge of the cross.

It was suggested to the Chairman, on putting the question that no person ought to vote who had any bets on the fight; but the backer of Ward said that every sporting man present ought to give his vote.—It was carried unanimously, that the battle between Ward and Abbot was a cross, the backer of Ward holding up his hand that it was in his opinion a cross. Thus the matter stands at present.—Tom Cribb and several other persons present shewed their charitable and forgiving dispositions, putting down money for Ward, who, besides his dishonesty in the fight, went to Hatton-garden Police office on Wednesday, with the intention of committing perjury!

BOW-STREET.

ANOTHER MERMAID!—A person entered the office, in great consternation, and claimed the protection of the Magistrates in behalf of *himself*, his *mermaid*, and his *sapient pig!*

He had taken a house in the Strand, he said, for the exhibition of *these curiosities* (himself, the mermaid, and the pig, we presume), and was showing them to a party of ladies and gentlemen on Thursday evening, when two rough, blackguard-looking fellows—one of them in a *black silk gown and mustachios*—applied for admission. He told them that he could not think of admitting them in that queer dress among the genteel company then in the rooms; but if they would either wait till the company was gone, or would come again in the morning, they should be accommodated. No, they would have no denial, and made such a disturbance; that he was obliged to close his doors, and shut them out, when they raised a mob about the house, and went away at last, swearing they would come again on the next night, and blow up himself, barbicue his pig, and split his mermaid—and, as he verily believed they intended to do all this, he prayed their Worships' protection.

The Magistrate asked him whether it was the same mermaid that had been exhibited in St. James's-street?

"Oh dear, no!" replied the troubled exhibitor, "but it's much the same sort of thing, and quite as good.—Perhaps your Worship will understand it better by perusing one of these here bills, if your Whorship will take the trouble."

So saying, he took a bundle of hand-bills from his capacious pocket, and handed one of them to the Magistrate. It was edited thus:—"The *Mermaid* and *Swinish Philosopher* as one exhibition. The public are most respectfully informed that the *wonder* of the *deep*, the *Mermaid*, so extraordinary a creature that she must be seen *to be believed*; with that great curiosity the *Sapient Pig*,—an animal that far exceeds any thing yet seen for its intelligent *performances*, so extremely *striking*, that it has the appearance of reason. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who may condescend to visit him, may rest assured they will be gratified beyond description, and the exhibitions will be found a *fine example* to the *rising generation!*"

The exhibitor's eyes flashed with exultation as the Magistrate looked over this admirable composition; and when his Worship returned it to him, he requested him to retain it as a "*memento* of the most *astonishingest curiosities* that ever was invented."

With respect to his mysterious visitors—the man in the black silk gown and mustachios, and his companion—his Worship told him not to be alarmed, for in all probability it was the mere frolic of some drunken idlers; but if he really

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 08 April, 2017

apprehended they would put their threat in execution, he had better be provided with the nearest parish constable, and give them into his custody.

With this advice the exhibitor was obliged to be content—at least, it was all he could obtain by his application; though he had evidently calculated that the whole *posse comitatus* would be ordered out for the protection of "himself, his mermnind, and his sapient pig."

A person calling himself Lieutenant Hall, on the half-pay of the 65th Regiment, presented himself before the Magistrates yesterday, with a decent-looking, remarkably clean old man in his custody, whom he described as having deserted from the 48th Regiment *twenty-seven* years ago; and he wished the Magistrates to swear him in as a deserter, in order that he might be dealt with accordingly; he (Lieut. Hall) having thought it his duty to apprehend him.

The apprehension of deserters is usually left to private soldiers, parish constables, and people of that class, who undertake the busines for the sake of the reward—some forty or fifty shillings, we believe; and it often happens that the deserter himself surrenders to them voluntarily, on the express condition of receiving a moiety of the said reward. It therefore excited some little surprise that a *Lieutenant* should busy himself in such a matter, more especially in a case marked by circumstances so peculisr: and, as the Lieutenant happened to be remarkably loquacious, and withal very sonorous in his loquacity, it also happened that he did not receive all that magnificent consideration from the Magistrates to which he evidently considered himself entitled.

Their Worships seemed to think that he had unnecessarily disturbed the old man; but he begged to assure them that he was compelled by his duty, as an officer in his Majesty's service, to apprehend a deserter wherever he met with him, and that the length of time which had elapsed since the desertion of this man had nothing at all to do with the question. The Magistrates, he said, had a straight forward duty to perform in such a case, and he trusted they would do it without favour or affection, &c.

Sir Richard Birnie requested him not to talk quite so fast; and reminded him that it was no more the duty of a *Lieutenant* to apprehend deserters, than it was of a parish constable—nay, more, that a Lieutenant on *half pay* was no longer in the service, and, therefore, had no more to do with such matters than any other man.

The old man, however, when called upon to speak for himself, seemed to have no sort of objection to the Lieutenant's interference. He said he did not care what became of himself, so he could only get the burden of his desertion off his mind. Though he deserted from the regiment when it was only twenty-four, and was now fifty-one, and though he had since reared a family, and had sons and daughters grown up, yet he had no peace of mind, even for a moment.

In answer to questions put to him from the bench, he said his real name was Benjamin Green that he deserted from the regiment in the year 1795, whilst it was at Plymouth, waiting to embark for the continent. "And," added he, whilst tears came into his eyes, "I have never been happy since. Fearful of the consequence, I changed my name; and up to this moment there is not one of my poor children knows my real name, nor has any one of them been baptized."

"Certainly not, certainly not," interrupted the vivacious Lieutenant, looking as if he would have added "very well, go to, then, I hope here be proofs!" but Sir Richard Birnie at once put a damper upon his vivacity by telling him he need not trouble himself further in the business, as he should write to the Adjutant-General respecting it.

The worthy Magistrate then, having ordered the old man to remain in custody of the gaoler, despatched a note to the Adjutant General, and in half an hour after an answer was returned from that gentleman, saying, if Sir Richard would be kind enough to send the deserter in question to him, he would dispose of him by giving him the usual protecting certificate, and that Lieutenant Hall might accompany him *if he chose*.

The old man was sent according; but we could not learn whether or not the Lieutenant accompanied him. No doubt his motives in meddling with the affair were humane and honourable enough but he certainly went about it very clumsily.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, THURSDAY.

MR. HENRY HUNT.

As their Lordships were about to rise, about half past seven in the evening, Mr. Henry Hunt, who had been in Court the greater part of the day, presented himself upon the floor of the Court, and intimated that he had a motion to submit to the consideration of their Lordships.

The Chief Justice inquired, what was the nature of the motion.

Mr. Hunt replied that it was of a serious character against a gentleman well known in this Court. With the leave of the Court he would state the purport of it on paper. Mr. Hunt, then remarking that since he had last the honor of addressing this Court, his health had suffered much, produced a paper, which, he said contained an application for a rule *Nisi*, why a criminal information should not issue against Frederick Charles Williams, Esq., a Barrister, for certain observations thrown out by him against the defendant in his address to the Court in mitigation of Bridle's punishment, the tendency of which was to excite him (Mr. H.) to break the peace, and forfeit the recognizances which he had entered into in this Court for his good behaviour. He conceived that the words used warranted him in applying to this Court for its interference.

Chief Justice—Mr. Hunt, it is not the practice of this Court to receive applications for criminal information on the last day of Term. You are not, however, precluded from pursuing this complaint further. You may prefer an indictment if you think proper.

Mr. Justice Bayley—And in a criminal matter, the Court will not listen to a private individual but must be moved by Counsel. The point has been often decided.

Mr. Hunt observed, that however hard this practice was upon applicants for redress to this Court, it would not induce him to set one Counsel upon another. Without meaning to be offensive, it reminded him of the old adage of setting one thief to catch another.

The Chief Justice repeated, that by the practice of the Court, they could not enter on motions for criminal informations the last day of Term.

Mr. Hunt said that he would not press that matter further, but he now wished to call their Lordships' attention to a serious complaint which he had to make of an officer of this Court for extortion. The officer to whom he alluded was Mr. Lushington, the Master of the Crown-office, who, in taxing the costs of an application which he (Mr. H.) had made some time ago to this Court respecting some grievances which he suffered in Ilchester Gaol, had overcharged him one pound.

The Chief Justice intimated that Mr. Hunt had not brought the matter in a proper shape before the Court. He should have moved that the Master be directed to review his taxation of the costs in the cause.

Mr. Justice Bayley, Your charge against the Master of the Crown-office is, that in making up the account of cost, he overcharged you a pound.

Mr. Hunt answered it was so, He had a long affidavit stating the nature of the charge more in detail, but as their Lordships seemed so much fatigued with the day's business, he would not now trouble them with reading it, he might make use of a another time.

Mr. Justice Bayley said that he might renew his application next Term if he pleased.

Mr. Hunt then wished to know what had become of the case of the "King v. Stoddart," in which he was prosecutor, and which stood in the paper before he was sent to prison.

The Chief Justice said, that upon that point the Court could give him no answer; but that if he applied at the Master's Office, he would obtain all the necessary information.

Mr. Hunt said he would make the inquiry, and then withdrew. The Court rose immediately after.

On Wednesday, the ship Lord Wellington, Bell, master, from Quebec for London, put into Falmouth in great distress, having had her bulwarks, stanchions, and all her boats washed away, and her sails either blown away or split into tatters. During the whole of the voyage, they experienced a continuance of gales and as their cabouse was washed away, at an early period, they were unable to dress any victuals during the remainder of the voyage. The vessel also sprung a leak, and they were compelled to throw a considerable part of the cargo overboard. Still the leak gained on them, and it was only by the utmost exertions at the pumps, that the crew were able to keep her above water. For four weeks they continued in this distressed state having no other provisions than bread and raw pork. They would have been wholly unable to support the fatigue of continual pumping, had it not been for a gentleman and lady who were passengers, and who supplied them at intervals with porter and sugar, from their private sea stock, and which the *Lady regularly distributed to the crew, staying on deck nearly the whole of the time to cheer and supply regularly with this most valuable beverage.* On Tuesday night, they made the Scilly light; and fearing that they would be driven on shore, the *lady distributed amongst the crew a quantity of doubloons*, saying that some might escape, and that the money would be useful to the survivors. Happily their apprehensions were not realized; they made Falmouth, on Wednesday morning, and this *heroic woman*, with her husband, have, contrary to their expectation, once more set foot on English ground, though in a most exhausted and deplorable condition. When the vessel came into port, she had nine feet of water in the hold —During the voyage, one of the crew was killed by falling from the yard arm, and another was severely injured.—*West Briton.*

The following interesting obituary is extracted from the *Edinburgh Courant* of the 10th instant;—"Died at Glenalbert, on the estate of Dalguise, Perthshire, on Sunday the 22d ult. in her 106th year, Mrs. Margaret Low, widow of the late James Steuart, Esq. of Tulloch, near Blair. Her husband was a Captain in one of the Athol regiments, under Lord George Murray, and carried the Royal standard of Prince Charles Edward, at the battle of Colloden, in 1746. Of that unfortunate Prince Mrs. Steuart had a most perfect recollection, and, till within a few days of her death, spoke with the fondness of long cherished reminiscence, and with the accuracy of a mind and memory perfectly entire, of his dress, manner, and appearance. It was at Dunkeld, on his way to Edinburgh, in September, 1745, that she had seen the Prince, and presented a pair of brogues to his Royal Highness, of which (to her) momentous occurrence she had a complete remembrance. After the forfeiture of Mr. Steuart's estate, he retired to the village of Glenalbert, and died there in 1807, at the advanced age of 96. His widow continued to occupy the same humble cottage, and to live in respected retirement, on the small part of their fortune which had been saved, until the day of her death. As few, if any, now living, can relate, from personal observation, the occurrences of 1745, it is probable that this must have been one of the last remaining links of connexion with a past age and generation."

The Virginia Company in 1620, sent over 160 girls "young and uncorrupt" and well recommended to become wives to the planters. The price of a wife at first was one hundred pounds of tobacco, but increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which in money, was three shillings per pound. All debt contracted for wives were ordered to have precedency over all other debt and be first recoverable. It was this year also in which a Dutch ship putting into Virginia sold twenty negroes to the colony. Those were the first negroes imported into Virginia.—*Boston Paper.*

WEDNESDAY ANECDOTE.—A circumstance recorded by a good mimic, excited [illegible] struck us as scarcely [illegible] then the celebrated story of *Monsieur* [illegible] some time ago at a Circuit Court of [illegible] the presence of a Judge whose peculiarities of temper and manner are more than compensated by his many excellent and amiable qualities. Their Lordships and suite had just met, and were proceeding to investigate rather an interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a knocking at the outer court door. Again and again the shrill-tongued Macer ejaculated "Silence! silence there!" to little or no purpose; when the Judge exclaimed, "What's the meaning of all that noise? Macer—officers, what are you about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle-shuffling?" Officer—"It is a man, my Lord." "A man? what man, Sir? Who, where is he, and what does he want?" "He's at the outside, please your Lordship, and wants to get in." "Well, keep him out, keep him out, I say, Sir." The officer bowed or nodded assent, and the business of the Court proceeded. By and bye, however, an individual possessing the right of *entres*, walked into the hall of justice, and "the man," watching his opportunity, slipped in at the same time. By a levity and restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well in, till he wished to get out again; applying, perhaps, to a court of law what Chaucer presumptuously says of the blessed state of matrimony:—

"Marriage is like a rabble rout—
Those that are out would fain be in,
And those that are in would fain be out."

With this he began to jostle every body near him, a proceeding which not only created a new hubbub, but drew forth a fresh rebuke. Judge—"What's all this now? Even if my ear were as sharp as that of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying." Officer—"It's the man, my Lord." "What! the same man?" "The *very* same!" "Well, what does he want now?" "He wants to get out, please your Lordship-" "Wants to get out! Then keep him *in*—keep him in, I say, Sir." The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering man was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, therefore, and elbowing his way to an open window, he mounted on what is called the *sole*, and appeared, contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction. But the vigilant officer again caught the tarter, and again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His Lordship appeared angry (as well he might), and a third time exclaimed, "What's the matter now?—is there to be no end to this?" Officer—"It's the man, my Lord." "What! the same man again? Shew me the fellow, and I'll man him." The officer here pointed to a respectable enough looking individual, who, as he said, "had crappen up on the window sole, and wanted to get down again." Judge—"Upon the window sole! Well, keep him *up*—keep him up, I say, Sir, if it should be to the day of judgment." (Perhaps his Lordship meant the *hour* of judgment.) It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and that the incorrigible *man*, while held in durance on the window sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at the bar.—*Dumfries Courier.*

A TRIAL OF PATIENCE.—Married at Chorley, after a courtship of 44 years and 7 months, Mr. W. Brotherton, of Salterlane, Leyland, aged 67, to Miss Ellen Taylor, of the former place, about the same age as her swain.—*Worcester Journal.*

GROANING AND CRYING—A French surgeon lately published a long dissertation on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; and that he has uniformly observed that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations, than those who imagine it is unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice and weakness as either to groan or to cry. He is always pleased by the crying and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a severe surgical operation, because he is satisfied that he will thereby so soothe his system as to prevent fever and ensure a favourable termination. From the benefit hysterical and other nervous patients derive from crying or groaning, he supposes that by these processes of nature the superabundant nervous power is exhausted, and the nervous system is in consequence rendered calm, and even the circulation of the blood greatly diminished. He relates a case of man who, by means of crying and laughing, reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty to sixty in the course of two hours. That some patients often have a great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients often experience great relief from crying, no person will deny. As to restless, hypochondriacal subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treament, the French Surgeon assures them that they cannot do better than to groan all night and cry all day. By following this rule, and observing an abstemious diet, a person will effectually escape disease, and may prolong life to an incredible extent:—*American Paper.*

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—Mr. Coke, of Longford, in the county of Derby, (brother to Mr. Coke, of Norfolk,) is the father of several amiable and accomplished daughters. One of the tenants on his estate, a young farmer of superior address and attainments had by the depression of the times become in arrears for his rent; his landlord sent for him, and expostulated with him on the subject, and hinted to him, that with his handsome person he might easily obtain a wife among some of his richer neighbours, that would soon enable him to pay off his arrears, and place him in better circumstances in the world. The young farmer listened to the advice, looked thoughtful, and departed. In a few days he returned again, and told his landlord he had been reflecting seriously on their last conversation, and would follow his counsel. At this interview one of the daughters of his wealthy landlord was present. In a short time afterwards, it was discovered, that John Greensmith (the name of the young farmer) had effectually taken the hint, and, by [illegible]-green, had [illegible]

a pyramidal ornament of leaves, composed of velvet edged with a double cord of gros de Naples: the base of the pyramid round the bottom of the sleeve, and confines it at the wrist. The epaulette consists of squares of velvet, edged with two rows of gros de Naples cord, and fastened at each point with knots of cord: across the bust, the pyramidal ornament is arranged longitudinally. Broad band of velvet edged with cord round the waist, and fastened behind with an elegant cut steel buckle. At the bottom of the skirt are three rows of chinchilla fur equidistant, which harmonizes beautifully with the rich colour of the velvet. Long tippet and muff of chinchilla. Velvet bonnet to correspond: the front at the edge is trimmed, within and without, with fluted velvet, and interspersed with wolve's teeth, or velvet points, edged with two rows of gros de Naples cord: the crown is low, and a folded fichu crosses in part, and ties under the chin: a plume of white ostrich feathers fastened by a cluster of velvet points, surrounding a steel star, is placed on the right side of the bonnet, and falls gracefully towards the front. Bonnet cap of blond with full border. Boots the same colour as the pelisse. Gloves citron colour.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of plain net over a gold coloured satin slip, lined throughout; the hem and two tucks wadded. The body of the dress is rather high cut round, and edged with white satin: its fulness is horizontal, and regulated with perpendicular rouleaus of white satin, equidistant at the top, but approaching towards their termination at the waist, which is rather long, and confined by a white satin band fastened behind with an elegant pearl clasp in the centre of a satin bow. Very full court sleeve of net, with satin rouleaus from the shoulder, set in a band round the arm. At the bottom of the skirt is a triple row of white satine hevrons, which are continued to a point nearly half a yard up the right side of the dress, and gradually descend behind, till they unite with those at the bottom. The head-dress is a garland of fancy flowers, interspersed with golden ears of corn; the hair in light and playful curls, a little parted in front. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of pearl and topaz. Long white kid gloves. White satin shoes, with gold trimming. Silk kerchief, or elegantine.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress affords us this month but little room for remark; pelisses still continue the favourite envelope, but they are always worn either with a shawl or a fur tippet; the latter is in general of a very large size; and if the trimming of the pelisse be of fur, the tippet corresponds. Velvet begins to be in great request, both for carriage and promenade pelisses. One of the most novel that we have seen among the latter is composed of puse-coloured velvet, wadded, and lined with sarsnet to correspond: the waist is of the usual length, and the body tight to the shape; the skirt is full, and a good deal gored; the trimming is an intermixture of fancy velvet and gros de Naples, to correspond with the pelisse; the latter is disposed in waves laid on in folds, which are ornamented at each point by a velvet star. This trimming goes all round, it forms the collar, which is unusually high, and rounded behind. The long sleeve is finished to correspond, but the trimming is much narrower. The epaulette is very full. It is composed of three folds, each terminated by a star, to correspond with the trimming. The pelisse closes in front, but fastens on the inside. We consider it one of the most elegant walking dresses that we have lately seen, and extremely appropriate to the season.

Angola shawls are still more in favour than they were last month: they are of a very large size, and are not worn over pelisses, but with silk, poplin, or merino gowns. It is only the beautiful silky kind of Angola shawls that is in favour.

Brown beaver bonnets are coming a good deal into fashion. We think the brims of these bonnets are rather larger than those of other materials: a wrought silk band to correspond in color, goes round the bottom of the crown; and a very full plume of feathers, which also corresponds, is placed to the left side. Black bonnets are however, more generally in favor than any other kind for plain walking dress. The materials continue the same as last month. Levantine, poplin, and merino have now entirely displaced muslin in morning dress. We have certainly brought the last article to a high degree of perfection; there is in fact no sort of comparison between it and the boasted merino of France. [illegible] which we are about to describe, is The morning dress [illegible]rial: it is of a dark chesnut composed of this mate[illegible] and to fasten behind; the lour, made up to the throat, side of the bust with a corsage is ornamented on each [illegible] place de soie; it is kind of cord, composed of cuile[illegible] at short dis- laid on the figure of an S, and conti[illegible] tances to the bottom of the waist; a small frog is attached in each end of the latter, plain back, with a high collar edged with pluche: tight long sleeve, also edged to correspond: full epaulette, confined by bands of pluche, cut in the form of the letter S, and interspersed with frogs. The trimming of the bottom of the skirt is similar to the epaulette, it consists of a broad bouillonne of merino, confined by bands of pluche; each edge of the bouillonne is bordered with a rich silk cord. We should observe that this trimming is very broad, and the dress has altogether a novel and striking appearance.

Caps are greatly in favour, both in morning and half dress. We see only cornettes in the former; they are composed of our own lace, and are made with small ears and full narrow borders; they are ornamented in general with ribbon. Demicornettes are more in favour in half dress; they are worn in lace, blond, and gauze lisse; but lace appears most in favour. These caps are always ornamented with small bouquets or half-wreathers of flowaser; roses, pensees, jessamines, mignonette, and various other flowers are in favour. A full bow of ribbon, to correspond in colour with the flowers, fastens the cap under the chin. Velvets, both white and coloured, are now fashionable in full dress, but are not yet so generally worn as white, plain, and figured satin and gros de Naples. Full-dress trimmings are composed in general of satin, with an intermixture of gauze or tulle, disposed in buillonne of various forms, and intersected with flowers. We have seen also some dresses finished at bottom with a bloud lace flounce, headed by a satin rouleau, turned en serpent of two colours; this was surmounted by a blond trimming disposed in puffs, formed either by small bouquets of flowers or knots of pearl.

We have seen lately a good many full dress gowns cut very low on the shoulders and in the centre of the bosom, but rather higher on each breast: these gowns have in general a small tucker a Penfant. Waists have not diminished in length. Sleeves are worn very full, but not quite so short as usual. Sashes and ceintures are equally in favour: the latter are always confined by a clasp composed of pearls, rubies, &c.

The colours [illegible] favour are, scarlet, purple, dark brown [illegible], rose-colour, orange, and gray.

[illegible]—PRINTED FOR [illegible]RS BY J. F. [illegible] C[illegible]